

LAMBERT'S ADDRESS.

LADIES, to You I first address
Myself, in humble Thankfulness,
Next, Gentlemen, I bow to You,
And chearful pay the Tribute due;
The Friendships you to me have shown,
With Joy, and grateful Pride, I own,
And, whilst I live, I'll ardent strive
To please, and in your Favours thrive;
And that those Favours may not drop,
I've very much enlarged my Shop;
Intending, by this Alteration,
To better your Accommodation,
And, now the Alteration's made,
To drive a more extensive Trade;
Mean Time, as seems the present Vogue,
I here present a Catalogue.

Walk in, I'll place before your Sight,
Rich, glitt'ring Gems, and Jewels bright;
Here sparkling Diamonds beam a Blaze,
On which the Eye can scarcely gaze,
Here is the splendid Topaz seen,
And here the Em'rald's modest Green;
The Moco, with its varied Hue,
The Amethyst's soft Violet blue;
The Pearl, in whitest Robe array'd,
(Sweet Emblem of each artless Maid!)
The Ruby, brilliant to the Eye,
The beauteous Garnet's deeper Dye;
Each so dispos'd as to produce
Trinkets for Ornament and Use;
In Bracelets some, and some in Rings,
That might be worn by Queens and Kings;
(Or Fancy, or Mourning Rings d'ye need?)
They here are made, with utmost Speed;
In Collars, Necklaces, Bows, Locketts,
And Tooth-Pick Cases for your Pockets,
Sleeve-Buttons, plain, enamell'd, paste,
Purses, with Gold or Silver, lac'd.

Gold, too, in every Form you'll find,
And that the richest of its Kind;
Gold Watches, Watch-Keys, Scissar-Cases,
Ear-Rings, and Pins with various Faces;
Enamell'd Stock-Buckles, and plain,
Corals to please the infant Train,
Bread-Buckles, common, garnet, gold,
No better are, or can be, sold;
Watch-Strings, and Chains, of every Sort,
And Cane-Strings, too, may here be bought.

So much for Gold;—I now will tell
What I in modest Silver sell.
Tea-Urns, Waiters, Sugar-Basons,
And the Regalia of Free-Masons;
Tankards, Pints, Half-Pints, Goblets, too,
Gugglers your Wine to filter through,
Ladles for Sugar, Sauce, Punch, Turins,
Buckles and Buttons, Bodkins, Pins;

Spoons of each Sort, Tea-Pots, Tea-Tongs,
And all that to the Trade belongs;
Sauce-Boats, Cream-Boats, Watch-Seals, Keys,
Candlesticks, Cases for Etwees,
In short, whatever else you please,
That's made in Silver, you may see,
At LAMBERT'S SHOP, on YARMOUTH QUAY.

Still lower let my Verse descend,
And sing of Hard-Ware and Japann'd,
Enamell'd, painted, Paper Goods,
Of various Metals, various Woods;
Cases for Knives may here be had,
And Knives, the best that can be made,
Their Hfts black, white, green, blue, or red,
Buckles, gilt, plated, black, and common,
Fit for Man, or Child, or Woman;
Umbrellas, Bottle-Sliders, Cadies,
Snuff-Boxes for Gentlemen and Ladies,
Drinking-Horns, with Silver Tip,
That court the Touch of every Lip;
Pocket-Glasses here are seen,
And Spectacles, both white and green,
And Instruments your Teeth to clean;
Scissars, Graters, Bottle-Screws,
And Clasps for little Children's Shoes;
Baskets, Pools, Fishes for Quadrille,
And Cards, that Time so sweetly kill;
Guns, Pistols, Hangers, Canes and Sticks,
Key-Swivels, Thimbles and Tooth-Picks,
Tooth-Pick Cases, Inkstands, Scales,
Snuffers, and Nippers for your Nails;
Drum Battledoors, and Shuttlecocks,
And Pins, to curb the wanton Locks;
Trav'ling, Wig, Writing, Shaving Cases,
Alike convenient in all Places;
For Bottles here are various Labels,
Dice-Boxes, and Back-Gammon Tables;
Books of Afs-Skin, Ivory, Paper,
Handsome, strong, and no where cheaper.

Come, Esculapius, aid my Verse,
Lend me thy Pen, whilst I rehearse
My Portion in the Healing Art,
And Med'cines wondrous Pow'rs impart.

Not all of those, that, paying Tax,
Are licens'd to illiterate Quacks,
Shall, in my Shop, a Refuge find;
No;—none but of the noblest Kind:
It ne'er shall be of LAMBERT told,
"He kill'd his Friends from Thirst of Gold,"

Nor will I on your Time encroach,
So as to merit your Reproach,
B' enlarging on the numerous Ills,
The Cordials, Balfams, Powders, Pills,
The low-bred Cant of Vulgar Bills.

All I shall on the Subject add,
Is, that of me, there may be had

Each Med'cine that's esteem'd the best,
And that of Time hath flood the Test.

Cosmeticks now your Notice claim;
Beauty is one sure Road to Fame.
Whate'er is said will have its Grace,
Assisted by a handsome Face.

Come then, ye Fair, from me receive
What will encreasing Beauties give,
Strike ev'ry Eye, all Hearts engage,
And yield the Charms of Youth to Age.
What Conquests may ye not assume,
Assisted by Circassian Bloom!
Face and Pearl Powders, Rouge, Carmine,
Soft Milk of Roses, all combine
To give you Beauties half divine;
French Tow'ls, Pearl Waters, Chicken Gloves,
Were us'd by Venus, and the Loves.

But come, my Muse, inspire my Quill,
Perfumery claims my utmost Skill.
Perfumery—that us'd with Care,
Will sweeter make the sweetest Fair.
The Violet, Jasmine, Pink, and Rose,
Their od'rous Scents at once disclose;
Musk, Amber, Marechalle, Bergamotte,
And whatfoe'er hath Sweetness got;
Orris, Boquette, Divine, Venille,
Orange, Lemon, Marquise, Jonquille:
And all the fragrant Gums that drop
Expand their Sweets in LAMBERT'S SHOP.

When Winter's chilling Blasts approach,
And on rich Autumn's Sweets encroach,
The Flow'rs, as fright'ned at the Sky,
All hang their beauteous Heads and die.
But then, e'en then, you *here* may meet,
The artful Produce of each Sweet.

Poets of these and former Times,
Have sung the Sweets of foreign Climes;
Arabia's aromattick Vales,
And India's rich, perfuming Gales,
Have breath'd in all their Love-fraught Tales:
But now to th' list'ning World b'it told,
They all in LAMBERT'S SHOP are sold.
In Powders some emit their Scent,
And some are in Pomatums pent;
Others in Wash-Balls, Oils, and Creams,
And some in Water's silver Streams.

But should I here pretend to tell
Of every Article I sell,
The Account would fill a Volume full,
And be—as modern Novels—dull.
Suffice it, therefore, that whate'er
You want may *now* be purchas'd here;
Whate'er is useful, or adorns,
From costly Gems, to Shoeing-Horns.